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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

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Perfect Pitch

It happened at the jazz club on a Thursday night. I love music—always have. Live music, most of all. I liked going on Thursdays because the club didn't get too crowded. I could find a table by myself along the outer wall. I could sit and slowly nurse my adult beverage of choice, a gin and tonic, and lose myself in a world of sound. The tickling, tinkling keys of a piano, the deep thrum of an upright bass as it walked up and down, making me want to dance, and every lead instrument from guitar to saxophone and everything in between. It all just made me forget all the bullshit of life outside that dark room and let myself just... feel. Then there were the singers. The crooning tones of the would-be Sinatras and Bublés, the high-energy staccato of scat, and the dulcet, soulful poetry of nearly any female vocalist.

That Thursday's singer was one of those. A bottom-heavy woman of color a few years older than me, in a red cocktail dress that hugged her curves and a voice that rivaled Billie Holiday or Nina Simone. She and her band did a couple of originals, but the rest of their set was packed with the classics, the standards. *Put a Spell on You*, *Solitude*, *At Last*, one after another. I closed my eyes and let her rich, sultry voice wash over me. My body melted into the chair as I let the music soak out all the tension of the day. Then, after a brief smattering of respectful applause, she tore into one of my absolute favorites: *Feeling Good*. When the band kicked in after the first verse, I couldn't help but rock back and forth with the rhythm. I felt every line, every word. That song never fails to improve my mood, and hearing it live, in my favorite place, it became a silky, raw soundtrack for that perfect moment.

Then she hit the crescendo. Her voice climbed higher and higher, and she hit a note, a tone, a pitch-perfect vibration that resonated deep into my chest. I'd been feeling every part of the music in my chest all night, but this was different, somehow. It was a sound that bored into my soul. I suddenly felt warm, deliciously warm. The heat traveled between my legs, and I recognized it for what it was. That recognition made me remember that I'd experienced the feeling before. In my first year of college, I joined a choir. During one of our practices, someone hit a note that gave me a similar reaction, and I never went back to choir practice.

The jazz singer scatted out the rest of the lyrics, and the band finished out the song. The note came and went in half a second, but the sensations it sent through my body didn't stop. I didn't cum in my jeans or anything like that, but the heat in my chest fluttered out into my breasts. It was the same thing I felt back in college, and a couple of times before, so I knew what to expect. Still, having it happen again almost ten years later made it really hard to focus on the music. At the start of the night, my breasts were already pretty big. I used to wear a 34G or a 36F, depending on the day. They'd

grown to that size in my late teens after I should have been done growing. With the singer's pitch still echoing throughout my body, the pieces clicked into place. The choir practice, and both times before, music was the trigger. The heat in my breasts turned into a tingle and then an almost painful tightness. They throbbed with each beat of my pulse, synchronizing with the bass as the band started up another song. Thank Freya, I had my flannel buttoned up. The tee shirt underneath was pretty tight, and without the flannel, someone would have definitely noticed my boobs getting bigger.

Because that's what happened. My bra dug into my back and shoulders, pinching around the cup and the underwire as my chest swelled. They got heavier as they tightened, and pulsed, and grew. I'd almost forgotten how *good* it felt. Honestly, half the reason I quit the college choir was because I couldn't control myself and had a shuddering, whimpering orgasm in front of over a dozen people. Looking back, I doubt any of them really knew what was happening, but that didn't stop me from having a complex about it for years. Sitting in this club, my happy place, hearing the singer croon and belt out another jazz standard while my twenty-seven-year-old tits swelled up at least another full cup size, it was too much. Yes, I could have controlled myself, could have filled my brain with thoughts of the project I'd been assigned to at work and how unreasonable the client and project managers were being, and thrown a bucket of ice water on my horniness. I simply didn't want to. Smiling apologetically at the patrons around me, I got up and scurried for the bathroom.

Sitting on the closed lid of the porcelain throne, safely behind a locked door, with the thrumming bass and vocals muffled by a few walls, I shoved one hand between my legs and slid another under my shirt. From touch alone, I could tell my tits were bigger. A little more heft, a little more pushback as I dug my fingers into them. I lightly brushed the bundle of nerves at my entrance while I tweaked one nipple. My breasts have always been sensitive, but in that state, with the music still making me writhe and fresh off an unexpected growth spurt, the thickened nub between my fingers was like a hair trigger. I bit down on my lower lip to keep from crying out, almost hard enough to draw blood. The music throbbed through my chest as I worked myself through the best orgasm I'd had in a *very* long time. It wasn't just the touch; I masturbate often enough to know what I'm capable of doing on my own. But through the haze of alcohol and music, a single coherent thought repeated over and over in my mind. My boobs got bigger. They'd swelled, plumped, engorged, and all it had taken was that one perfect note.

I love my boobs; they're definitely my best feature. My face is okay, above average. I take good care of my hair and try to do my skincare every day, though I'm lucky enough to have pretty good skin. Without exercising more than daily walks to and from the office, I still wear all the same sizes as I did back in college. But on my otherwise skinny frame, my boobs look amazing. I always get excited when the weather starts to warm up in early spring because it means digging my sundresses and crop tops out of the closet and showing them off. And that night, they got even sexier.

I cleaned myself up and waited in front of the mirror for the red to fade from my cheeks, then went back to my table. I sipped my drink and tried to figure out a plan. I had to see the singer again. I at least had to try.

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When their set was over, the band packed up their instruments and filtered out into the crowd as the club's speakers pumped out recorded music to fill the void. I breathed a sigh of relief. I was worried they would go backstage, and I'd have to convince a bouncer to let me back there. They were both men, so I probably could have pulled it off with a few undone buttons, but the mere thought of doing something so scuzzy almost killed my buzz. Instead, I bided my time. People were on their feet, lining up to get fresh drinks, visit the merch table, or cluster around the band to pay compliments and make small talk. I couldn't approach the singer with all those people around her, so I waited. The last act of the night was warming up by the time people finally started sitting back down. I did what I hoped was a nonchalant scan across the room and saw the singer standing by the merch table. It was my best chance.

I stood and brushed off my flannel. Struggling to control my anxious shaking, I crossed the room to where she stood.

"Hello." She was even more gorgeous up close.

"Hi there!" Her smile filled her whole face, and I very nearly swooned on the spot.

"You have a beautiful voice."

"Why thank you, sweetheart."

Her voice had a syrupy Southern drawl I hadn't noticed when she sang. In another context, I might have found it irritating, but coming from this angel, it just made me fall harder. If I'd been in my sober, social-anxiety-riddled state, I would never have had the figurative balls to say what I said next. But when I glanced at her hands to check for a ring, I spotted a carabiner clipped to her belt.

"Do you want to grab a drink sometime?"

Her eyes ran over me so fast I almost didn't catch it. Her expression stayed polite as she said, "Hmm. We're back on the road for Cincinnati in the morning..."

My heart sank, and a lump formed in my throat. I should have known she'd turn me down. It was stupid to even get my hopes up. Then, her eyes crinkled mischievously.

"Unless 'some time' can be tonight?"

It took half a second for her words to sink in, and then I was floating. I swear my feet left the ground. My cheeks started to cramp, and I realized I was grinning like an idiot. The singer gave a low, throaty chuckle and stepped toward me. "Come on." She touched my shoulder, light as a feather, and steered me toward the bar.

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After several hours of drinking and flirty conversation, where I mostly avoided making an ass of myself complimenting her and her voice, the singer led me outside to their tour bus. We held hands as I followed her into the bus. The pianist lounged inside with a paperback and earbuds. The two of them had a brief, silent conversation, and the pianist closed the book and climbed out of the bus. It was really more of a huge motorhome without a kitchen, but I wasn't paying much attention as she pulled me into the back, where a large bedroom took up the width of the vehicle. She kissed me with the mouth that made such beautiful sounds, and it was even better than my fantasies. She laid a hand on the small of my back, and the distance between our bodies vanished, my skinny frame melting into her softer one. We kissed deeply, passionately; I ran my tongue along her lower lip, and the taste of her bourbon mixed with my gin into a heady cocktail that made my knees go weak.

Her hands slid between us, fishing for the buttons on my flannel. She met my eyes briefly, and I nodded. As she undid my buttons, I reached around to the zipper on her dress. When we were each bare to our lingerie, her eyes traveled slowly over my body, and I burned. She lingered on my cleavage for a moment, and I knew I must be spilling out of my bra. She purred, “You’ve got some big ol’ girlies for such a skinny thing.”

My back arched. In any other context, several parts of that statement would have raised my hackles. Instead, I ached for more. More words, more touch, more everything. I fell into her, mashing my swollen tits into her soft chest. She reached up to touch them, and I clamped my thighs together to keep from coming. Our lips met again, and she spun us around to fall onto the bed, pulling me down on top of her. She pushed my panties aside, sliding two fingers into me, and I let out the cry I’d stifled in the jazz club bathroom.

After several rounds, I pushed gently against her shoulders, making her sit up. She was on top, and I gripped her meaty thighs in both hands. “Can you sing that crescendo again?”

“Which one, baby girl?”

“From ‘Feeling Good.’”

She tapped a finger to her lips thoughtfully, then bent down, hot breath caressing the shell of my ear. “Stars when you shine...”

A wave of tremors crashed over me; my hips bucked under her ass. My tits clenched as if they knew what was coming next.

“You know how I feel.”

She kept singing. Every word, every note, driving me to new heights of bliss. But it wasn’t the right tone; it wasn’t *that* pitch.

She got closer, word by word. Without the band, without the crowd, her voice thundered in the tiny space. If anyone outside hadn’t heard my screams, they definitely could hear her sing. And—gods damn it—could she sing.

She hit the note.

I was already burning, but with that, I blazed. Heat roared through my body, and my breasts ached. Ached with need, ached to be touched, and ached to *grow*.

It happened much faster than the last time. I shuddered and came beneath her as my tits swelled. My damn bra was so tight my breath came in ragged gasps. Then, the poor thing finally gave. The hooks tore from the band, and I could take a full breath again. I breathed, and boiled, and came. She slid off me and pushed a hand between my legs to make my climax last—I nearly passed out.

When I finally came down and the room came back into focus, she was stroking my hair. Her eyes drifted down to my bare chest meaningfully. “What happened to those?”

I had to take a few deep breaths as my racing heart slowed to a normal cadence. “I think...” I took in a ragged breath. “They really like your voice.”

She buried her face in my tits, pecking a kiss on each one—near my nipples but not close enough to get me going again. She pulled me into an embrace and said, “I hope I’ll see you again next time I’m in this neck of the woods.”

I snuggled into her, my lips brushing her skin as I whispered, “It’s a date.”